Volume XIII Chicago, Ill., May, 1936 Number 2

The Liberalist

PRAYER

George G. Davis

To be strong enough to gain some mastery over ourselves;
To be humble enough to be willing to learn from others;
To be brave enough to choose the right roads, no matter how hard it be;
To be patient enough to keep on in spite of obstacles;
To be wise enough to know our own shortcomings;
To be honest enough to admit the excellencies of others;
To be proud enough to hold the respect of strong men;
To be gentle enough to hold the love of little children;
To be careful enough to protect the goods of others;
To be generous enough to share our goods with others,
That is our aspiration for to-day.

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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JUNE ANNOUNCEMENTS

SERMON SUBJECTS

June 7th—10:45 a. m. "My Religion"

June 14th—10:45 a. m. "Twenty-Four Years in a Free Pulpit." Anniversary and Closing Service for the Summer.

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MEDITATION

"Infinite and eternal Heart, we are deeply grateful this morning for the continuing assurance that nothing can prevent us from access to Thy great Heart. We are glad for the repeated assurances time and time again that there is nothing of an external character or of an internal condition that is sufficiently powerful to prevent our union and our assimilation with Thee. In spite of all the conditions of the world, in spite of the turmoil and the uncertainty and anxiety of human hearts, in spite of the reverberations of hate that echo and resound through the sky, in spite of the individual suffering and anxiety of multitudes of people, in spite of all these things, eternally secure in the battlements of the everlasting there is to be found Thy Heart. Help us at every opportunity to make articulate this truth to human hearts. May we know that nothing which has happened to us, or nothing which can happen, nothing which has happened to this world, or nothing which will happen to it is sufficiently powerful to prevent our making contact with the Source of pure life, and pure knowledge and pure truth.

This is one of those moments all too rare in the busy lives which we lead for us to establish that contact with Thy divinely beautiful Heart. With great reverence and with a sense of life's dignity and beauty we would open up every avenue of our being to the opportunity of vision. May the dynamic, creative condition of life that inevitably results from just such relationship be mightily felt in individual lives here this day, and that vaster multitude that we have no way of ever knowing.

We send these words out upon the wings of the morning and though clouds hang heavily upon our sky and mist and fog tremendously surround us, through them and over them we know that the great world of the cosmos is being held together in the mighty majesty of Thy power. Just as appearance must not be mistaken for reality, so may none of the appearances of life defeat the higher realities of life. May every heart disturbed, concerned, anxious, feeling that they are being defeated and coerced and restricted, may every one that is ill and racked with suffering and pain, every distorted and chaotic mind unable to correlate, synchronize and think carefully, all who are unable to take possession of themselves and who feel that they are victims of life, may that great power of the everlasting reality now enter their hearts and lives and may there be such a constructive remedial presence from this service and this broadcast that everyone in association with our service this day will enter into the tasks of this week more highly competent to meet them successfully and triumphantly.

Touch us with a lingering caress of Thy concern upon every life and every heart on this morning of mornings. Wherever firesides have been broken, wherever sadness dwells, wherever trouble has come, wherever anxious hearts and anxious souls are, may these words, because of the truth which they contain, find lodgment in every heart and in every life, and because of this we will build for ourselves a higher and a better plane upon which to live. For the vision of this high privilege we are grateful, and for this privilege we would expend our utmost in appreciative regard.

May the quiet and the beauty of the soul's opportunity linger for a moment in the presence of life's best in this moment of prayer, communion and contemplation together."

"HOW TO MANAGE LITTLE ANNOYANCES"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, December 15th, 1935

"Dr. James Gordon Gilkey has somewhere told us an interesting story.

If any of you have ever gone up Long's Peak in Colorado, not Pike's Peak, that's the famous peak, but Long's Peak, you will find on the way off from one of the trails that lead to the summit, a very interesting specimen of a rotting and decaying ancient tree. Its branches are almost gone, the inside of the tree has rotted out, there is a remnant of its ancient bark, and that is rapidly disappearing, and when you stand and look at this ancient tree, the age of which has been told us by people who know, that it must have died when it was over 400 years old, that would make it but a sapling when Columbus first landed at San Salvador, and it would find itself in middle age at the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Other historical analogies might be made but these, I think, are sufficiently vivid to bring to you, by comparison, its great antiquity. It is now dead and decayed and those who have observed it carefully tell us that it has been struck by lightning fifteen times, but it survived that. In that particular part of Colorado where this tree lived its life and performed its destiny, it was peculiarly susceptible to all sorts of temptations for destruction that came to it from natural causes. Great winds have blown against its branches; great cold has tried to chill its heart; heat has tried to stifle its life, but it survived every one of these environmental conditions that were seeking its destruction. What finally killed the tree? We are told that after the tree had survived over the efforts of Nature, and after it had survived every challenge which it had to face, after it had been struck by lightning, after cold and heat and the coming and going of the seasons had done their worst, it was finally attacked by millions of little, small beetles that worked their way through the bark down into the heart of the tree—little beetles that you could have crushed between your forefinger and your thumb. These beetles were so small that while they are not microscopic, they were so small that individually they would present no difficulty to anybody, but all of these beetles, thousands and thousands of them, entered through the bark of that tree into the very life and heart of the majestic example of a tree. It withstood the intrusion for a while, the protective capacity which Nature has to create self fortification against destruction worked its way exhaustively until there was nothing further that could be done, and one night this 400 year old tree crashed down the hillside of Long's Peak, and what lightning could not do, what none of the great forces of Nature could not accomplish, the little beetle that could be crushed in a person's hand felled that mighty example of the forest.

When I came across this illustration I thought that there could be none that would be more sufficiently powerful to encompass all that I have in mind on how to master the little annoyances and little difficulties of life that seem to possess an accumulated power to interfere with the real achievements and real victories of life.

I have discovered in my observation of people that which I think most of you will affirm as being similar to your own observation, that under the unusual pressure of temptation and under

the unusual thing that comes into our life of great magnitude that calls for superhuman effort almost in order to successfully meet, when some great tragedy comes to some one very close to us or some outstanding disaster happens within the confines of our own home, or when we are faced with some colossal thing, most everybody, almost everybody, seems to possess a latent power to handle a situation like that that they themselves did not realize they possessed. In other words, the emergencies of our life seem to possess a quality of drawing out a reserve in our lives that we did not know was there. I have seen many an individual in some outstanding tragedy, some great emergency that swept down into their lives out of a clear sky, stand up under that tragedy in a great, fine way. I, myself, in the past years, have had to be the medium that conveyed knowledge of some of these disasters to some of my intimate friends and members of our church. I have had to go, for instance, as I did once, into the hospital room where a mother, a daughter and a son-in-law had been taken to the hospital after what we all thought was an experience that would lead to inevitable death in the releasing of gas in that home, and they were recovering. I went to that hospital one afternoon to see the mother and the daughter, the son-in-law had recovered and left the hospital. They were in rooms next to each other, and as I visited both of them both were gleeful at the thought that in a day they were returning to their homes, and, of course, I was sharing with them their appreciation of recovery. I had hardly returned to my home when I was called back to the hospital to be informed that the mother, in her preparations to leave for home, that was already decided and she prepared to go, sunk down in her chair in the hospital room and died, and it was necessary for me, at the request of the son-in-law, to go into the next room of that hospital and break the news of the death of the mother to the daughter, who, only a short time before was sharing with me the joy of her mother's recovery. I need not enter into the details of how I accomplished that difficult task, but the way that woman, weakened by the experience, and herself disheartened, and herself fighting back to health, seemed to have immediately a reserve power to cope with an emergency that I certainly never suspected and neither did she, but that power was there. I think physicians and surgeons, who have been brought face to face with similar experiences in the lives of people, have had many experiences which verify that same condition existing. I think if every individual here this morning were to leave this church when our service is dismissed and were to face some sudden emergency in your life, something that at the moment you could not possibly anticipate and that you could not possibly feel was in the offing at all, I am quite certain that you would find yourself with reserve power that you did not know you possessed.

Now I believe, my friends, that that power is in every individual life and in every individual heart with the big things of life, those outstanding challenges, those moments when we simply are compelled to release every particle of reserve energy in order to cope successfully with an experience. I think most of us possess that, and recognizing that, I thought that possibly we might think together for a little while this morning about some of those other emergencies that are less in character, the little things that come into our lives every hour of existence, no one escapes them, you and I together share the tyranny of these little annoyances.

I have discovered in my observations that many of the people,

in their incompetency to adjust themselves to little annoyances, destroy the necessary energy that is needed to cope with the larger problems that come into our lives, for it is almost incompresensible that amount of energy which we destroy by permitting the insignificant details of life to disturb the basic potentiality of our lives, and yet we are at it every day, we are at it every hour, we are at it all the time. Consequently, when I see, as I frequently do, how people can spoil a whole day by some silly little foolish, frivolous thing that never ought to be nurtured in the mind for a solitary second! I have known whole families—and I may be speaking from experience, but if I am, it is not particularly your affair at the moment—I have known whole families to have a whole day completely upset and disturbed because of some little, insignificant remark, some little silly circumstance that came up, some little thing that was not entitled to a second of consideration, and I have seen a man go out of the house in the morning and shut the door a little hard, and say 'Goodbye" with just a little bit of a tone, and I have seen the influence of that little annoyance rob a whole day out of life! Utterly silly, utterly stupid, because, of course, most of us do get frightfully upset over the things least consequential, and much of it is due to the psychological condition that we are compelled to live in business so close to each other all the time. That is one of the reasons why there is an increase of mental disorders and psychological disorders as evidenced in every locality in the United States which has a population of over 250,000 people, and sometimes, because of the definite increase of these psychological disorders and disturbances much of it is to be found because we have lived too close together, because we are crowded and jammed into street cars and elevated trains, because we are jostled and tossed about in the crowd, because we are living under psychological environment that in itself is a mutilation of individual development, and the first thing we know we develop an irritation. an irritation which fosters annoyances, and very soon, because we are constantly susceptible to these little irritations, life gets out of balance and we lose our sense of perspective and our sense of proportions. Consequently, the little things become the big thing and the first thing we know it spoils our day.

To what must we pay attention to cultivate and master the little annoyances of life? First, I think of the individual disciplining which is brought to the will by our refusal to be disturbed or dominated by little annoyances. The absolute cultivation which comes to the will, and I believe the will can be cultivated just as much as the muscles of the athlete. When I see athletes from the colleges and universities running up and down on the bridle path in their schools, up and down, up and down, what are they doing? They are cultivating, as you and I readily realize, for the big test, the big emergency which will come in the short half mile run, or the 100 foot dash on the foot ball field, or on the tennis court, or jumping. Those men are paying attention to the law, and the law is, mastering details, so that the details, when mastered, can contribute to strength for the emergency. They know that they cannot go out and win a 100 yard dash without a long, difficult period of sacrifice and will, and most people have never learned how to train the will. They are just a lot of big spoiled babies, and a lot of reasons why there are so many psychological disturbances on the part of women and men is because a lot of people have been so accustomed to being petted and fondled and pampered and babied, in the name of love

and affection sometimes. Some woman will say: 'You don't love me any more.' Or some man will say: 'Well, you don't love me any more,' and some little foolish, absurd, ridiculous thing enters into the condition and then you have the beginning of a tragedy! What is it? It is because they have never trained their wills, they have never taken those wills out and put them under discipline! They have never developed a sense of proportion and they have never developed a sense of perspective at all. It is because they are naturally and innately selfish and everything surrounding them should contribute only to their own personal happiness, to their own personal enjoyment, to their own personal life, and then when any influence enters into their lives that disturbs them, away they go! There are such people as that, and the world is full of them. I believe it, from the reactions that I am getting from these words, it is something concerning more people than I thought.

I go to hear a great artist, Rachmaninoff, and see him walk in and sit down at the piano, an evidence emanating from every gesture of his personality that he possesses a great reserve power, that there is a potentiality there that even the most fierce interpretation of the most intense realism of Russian music has never quite exhausted. You always feel that he could go a little bit higher and harder and a little bit fiercer than he has had to go in the demand of some of his interpretations. What is that? It is the fact that you see him in the climax of a beautiful performance, you see him adored by the music lovers who crowd the auditorium, you see him in the flush and in the hour of his victory and wearing it lightly, as befits true genius. You see him in the glory of achievement, but you have not seen him in the four to seven hours a day, every day, that Rachmaninoff segregates himself away from everybody and at his beloved instrument perfects himself in the mastery of the details involved to an exquisite and artistic performance. Genius is not merely a gift, genius is an achievement, and when you see people in the flush of victory, we forget the hours and hours and hours and hours that they have spent away from the public.

Ladies and gentlemen, that is why there is so much mediocrity in high places of creative interpretation. That is why many a young musician is ruined, who gave great promise, because they are unable and utterly refuse, on account of adulation, they utterly refuse to pay the long hard price necessary to the mastery of details and to the survival of those hours and hours and hours of long, hard work necessary to excellency.

Now, if it is true in the world of the athlete and the artist, as it is, how much more is it true of the common world in which you and I live most of the time, this cultivation of will? If you would sit down some night just before you retire and make a list, if you have a tendency to insomnia and you don't feel that you are going to have a good night's sleep, have this little game with yourself, it is a lot of fun, and your insomnia will go out of the window. No one with insomnia should ever give it any concern. The fact of the matter is even if you cannot sleep, lying in bed two hours and not sleeping creates almost as much energy as one hour fast asleep, but you must not interfere with your physical well being by thinking that you cannot sleep. Forget it. If you lie awake all night and don't sleep at all, you can get up refreshed, if you handle yourself properly in the thought of your experience. Try it, it will work. Don't worry because you cannot sleep, that is the beginning of insomnia. Many a night, when I think I cannot go to sleep, I am

mightily glad of it. I have got some reading, so I put on my light and open my book and in thirty minutes I am sound asleep, for the simple reason that I have discarded the idea of being sorry for myself. If I can get the self pity out of the hearts and minds of the people most of their trouble would be over. We begin to pity ourselves and feel sorry for ourselves and then our trouble begins.

If you want to feel sorry for somebody, feel sorry for your neighbor, or a dog or cat, don't feel sorry for yourself, if you do you are going to get into trouble before long. Consequently, just sit down some night, and take a pencil and paper and begin with what you did that day, and make a list of the little things that got you out of kilter during the day, something that somebody said—there is nothing that starts us off on the wrong foot like that. How many people are there that will simply tolerate the good things that are said about them and they have a perfectly enjoyable evening when they are constantly told good things about themselves but let some little small minded, peewee of an individual tell them some little criticism about us, some little thing, maybe the shape of our nose, the length of our hair, the color of our necktie, let them say something about us and let us hear about it, O, my! I tell you, then we get excited, then we jump into the defensive. "'Did **they** say that about **me?**" All the rest is forgotten. Why, one of the first things to learn is the disciplining of the will. To develop and overcome the result of the little annoyances of life is to get a sense of proportion, for all the little harrying criticisms—and everybody has critics, there was only one perfect man that ever lived in this world and you know what they did to him, they killed him! Everybody has critics, that is bromidic and platitudenous, everybody has a critic and we ought to remember that sometimes our critics are just as keenly responsible for what we are able to do as our best friend, and sometimes a little criticism is good for us, and I feel sorry for the individual who cannot stand it, because no matter how contemptible the spirit might be that inaugurated the criticism, usually down underneath it, if we analyse it quite carefully, we will see that there is enough truth in it that we ought to stop a moment perhaps and just see how much consideration we ought to give to it. I listen to every criticism I have ever had, I welcome criticism, and there is not a week of my life that I don't get a carload of it. My radio friends will write me and say: 'You talk too loud, I cannot understand one half of what you say, because you talk too loud.' I stop and consider. perhaps they are right. Somebody writes me this and that, I don't mind it. Do you think I am going to let the little annoyances destroy the energy that I need for the big task of my ministry? Not at all! Not at all!

I have observed this among people whom I greatly respect and admire, people who have really accomplished much in the world. I have detected this in these observations of them, that the greater they are, the more poise they have and the less they are disturbed by little things. They easily adjust themselves to the little annoyances. I think, in this connection, of an illustration in the life of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln, at one time, when the war had been going on for two years and was going rather badly and the South and the North was not quite sure how the war was going, bad manoeuvering, some of the Generals were being criticised by Northern editors, and Mr. Lincoln said: 'I am going down and see General McClellan myself,' and he violated all the rules and precedents and with a member of his cabinet called on General Mc-

Clellan at his home at Washington. They arrived to find that he was not in. They waited a little while, and in comes General McClellan, tired, worn, weary. He recognized his distinguished guests and walked right by them to an upper room. They waited twenty minutes, thirty minutes and the General did not appear. Lincoln sent for one of the servants and said to him: "Kindly tell General McClellan that the President of the United States and a member of the Cabinet are waiting to see him.' The servant retired and returned saying: 'I am sorry, but General McClellan is very tired, he has retired.' The Secretary who was with the President looked at Mr. Lincoln and expected to see Abraham Lincoln go into a fury, for he himself would have, he was a lesser man. Mr. Lincoln said: 'I am very sorry if we intruded upon General McClellan, I will see him at some other time. Will you kindly give him my compliments' and retired. When they were outside the Secretary said to Lincoln: 'How can you stand being treated like that, the President of the United States, and a General who owes his very office to you refuses to see you!' Mr. Lincoln, because he was great, really great, possessed the essence of simplicity which is one of the most distinguishing characteristics of true greatness, and he utterly refused to be distracted by a little thing, he turned to his Secretary and uttered this classic remark: 'My dear Secretary, I would hold General McClellan's horse if it would bring victory to the North.' What was that? It was the ability of a great man in the midst of a little annoyance, not to be dominated by it. Consequently, when I see men retain reserve, I see them under great pressure, and it has been seven or eight years of great tension, there isn't a man or woman alive that has not been under great tension in these past ten years, and we are under great tension now, and because we are under such tension, little things do disturb us, and O, how much more successfully we can cope with life if we learn how to face it. I don't know who said it, I could not find out, but I rather think it must have been Will Rogers, it sounds like him, but I read something the other day that I want to pass on to you because it means so much in our philosophy here: 'Be the kind of a man that when the wolf is at your door you, in a day or two, can appear in a fur coat.' I am just quoting it by memory, and as I was thinking over the sermon this morning, what kind of a man would that be who can meet the wolf at the door and in a day or two appear in a fur coat? I think it would be a kind of a man who had mastered the tyranny of little annoyances. I think it would be a man who would not be disturbed by what somebody said that did not matter. I think it would be the man that would not be disturbed—I am using the word 'man' in the generic sense, I am including women in the type of individuals that I see tyrannized. I see people go to pieces, I see them mightily concerned over non-essentials, disturbed over things that are not basic or fundamental, and when I watch the tragedy of their breaking up I have said to myself: 'O, what a glorious personality, what a beautiful life there could be there if they only would not be tyrannized by details!'

I think one of the constant menaces of the peace and tranquility of our American life is that contemptible intruder that knows no manners, has no decency, is utterly to blame for more petty annoyances than any other one thing in our modern life, a little bit of a thing called a telephone, a telephone! I have known people to permit a telephone to do what they would not permit their best friend to do. I have known people to be in a deep con-

versation about something that was important and worth while and a little bell jingled somewhere and away they run, and they were never the same individuals again. It was my privilege yesterday to have a conference with a very important and busy man in the State of Illinois, and I was with that man for the better part of an hour, a man whose name is a household word in this State, and when I was privileged the conference and interview with this man the first thing he said: 'I do not want to be disturbed by any telephone. This telephone is to be blocked out until Dr. Bradley leaves my room.' There was a gentleman, and the opportunity which we were able to do in a half hour might have been disturbed thirty times, and the wearing, and the tearing. Here is the point, on your own personality by the constant intrusion that people demand from you merely because there is a telephone at your elbow, and there ought to be a telephone at your elbow, don't misunderstand me, but there is no reason in the world why you should permit the incessant demands by a constant interference to break down something in your resistance, for that is what interference of details does always.

So it is quite a plain, practical talk this morning, particularly when most of us are going to be surfeited with details. Just as we are entering the spirit of good will let us make a readjustment of our lives. I wish everyone listening and everyone in the church this morning would start in from the time they walk out of these doors, build for an appreciation of the beautiful creative spirit by refusing to be tyrannized by defeat or broken by the little annoyances that possess the power of self destruction, but that we should train the will, develop a sense of balance, a sense of proportion, weigh values and give to nothing a greater emphasis than it deserves, and then we will cultivate and develop that which I think is the most beautiful thing in the world, a personality that when we enter a room, when we shake hands with a friend, when we go into a hospital room, when we walk into our office, when we go behind our desk, when we stand behind the counter, people who come in contact with us will look at us and say: 'There is an individual who has learned the art of knowing where to place the emphasis, and with quiet dignity and poise, reserve strength untapped, we can wait in that great assurance that when our sky darkens some day, and our hearts are crushed, and our little world falls about us, and the great test hour of our life comes, we stand straight and erect and look at the tragedy all about us, and because we have coped successfully in building will and in building reserve, we can cope with the big thing when it comes and remain victorious! The big things that will swoop down upon us, and remain victorious!

I don't remember whether or not I ever told you, but I know a man in Chicago, a very wealthy man he was in those days, who lost everything, and I met him the other day and my first impression was that he had lost everything. 'Lost everything? No, just money,' but he had lost all of that, and almost triumphantly that man looked at me and he said: 'I have not a dollar, not a dollar, but I am not crushed, I am not defeated, I am not broken, all my life I met life as it came.' I saw in his personality and in his remark the beautiful evidence that he was a man who had learned a sense of values, who had trained his will and it was beautiful, while probably the most classic example of all is to be found in the life of the great Teacher, for no man was more brutally beaten by life, no man ran the whole gamut of life's emotions like he. Friends denied him, turned trai-

tor, poverty in the extreme, everything that life could do it did to him, and yet one little beautiful example of the poise and the serenity and beauty of his life was that evening after a long hard day of walking and preaching with his disciples, they came to that little village of Samaria, and Samaria was still having no traffic with the Jews, and when he came to that little village of Samaria, tired and weary, he was refused admittance, no place for him. Did he go into a fury, did he become disturbed? He simply turned to his disciples asd walking along the road in quietness he said: 'We shall find a place of rest.' A great man in control of himself."

ALONG THE WAY

By Preston Bradley

When I was making up the list of engagements kept during the past month I was astonished at the number. It hardly seemed possible that I could have made them all. In fact one of the most frequent questions asked me is how I get the work all done. It is just as much a marvel to me as it is to many friends who ask me about it during the course of the winter. Perhaps one reason is to be found in the fact that I love my work. I love people. I love audiences and congregations. I love my church. I love my subjects. I love books. I love to visit the sick and the troubled. Every morning I enter the daily tasks with enthusiasm giving very little attention to how I feel myself or what personal considerations are involved. I am trying to do good and I accept as a matter of course that by remaining true to that ideal whatever comes my way is meant for me. I thoroughly accept Emerson's interpretation of the law of compensation. It works. I wish more people would read Emerson. He is very modern and wrote for this age. Perhaps another contributing factor in my maintaining so uniformly an unbroken schedule is to be found in the habit of living one day at a time. I never look ahead at my outline of work and wonder how I can ever do it. I never see my list of appointments, engagements, etc., until Sunday morning of the week in which they occur. I try to do each day's work well and get a good night's rest. I am a poor patron of those who can "tell us the future." I realize that today is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday.

Last month I spoke 38 times in delivering my sermons and lectures. I preached 8 funeral sermons and married 11 couples. Besides these I visited many of the sick, held many conferences, read 8 books, visited a sick father twice which necessitated travelling 1200 miles, and came through the month deeply grateful for strength of body and spirit which enabled me to do my work. It isn't work that kills, it is worry and confusion and chaotic living that kill! I have gone through the busiest year of my life with more personal anxiety and sorrow, more concern for those dear to me than I have ever known and yet I haven't missed an engagement or one service in my church. The spirit of co-operation and inspiration created for me by the many friends of the church and radio have sustained and strengthened me. I am profoundly grateful for it all. There is no pastor in all the world more blessed by his church and his friends. A spirit of co-operation, friendliness and good-will prevails throughout the entire church. The church is having its best year. We are beginning to see daylight after the dark night of our financial worries. Radio

friends have responded nobly. Before church closes (June 14th) for the summer you will hear some interesting statements along this line. So please remain tuned in to the remaining broadcasts. You will be surprised and gladdened.

Response to my sermon on "What About God?" has convinced me that more people are interested in the problem than almost any other. A recent questionnaire among a group of university students produced the same interest. There has been published recently a book by Beverly Nichols which he calls "A Fool Has Said." I hope that many who are having difficulty with the idea of God will read the book. After reading it please write me your reactions.

As I go about the country on my lecture trips I am frequently asked if I read all of the radio mail. Yes and no is the answer. I read every letter which is authenticated by an address. I never see unsigned communications. I have never written a letter to which I did not sign my name and I shall never read a letter written to me which is unsigned. So if you write to me be sure and sign your name and address. The hundreds of letters from radio friends are a constant inspiration and I read them all. Believe it or not, the longest letter I ever received was over 300 pages and it was written in long hand. I have carefully preserved it for I think it is a world's record. I welcome and encourage constructive criticism but if your letter is of such a character that you haven't the courage to sign your name and address you are merely wasting your time and postage for it never reaches me.

One of the many interesting experiences which have come to me along the way quite recently was the opportunity of being a guest at the luncheon held by the Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen. Mrs. Charles S. Clark, the President, graciously granted me the opportunity to participate in the great occasion. Over 2000 women were present. It is the largest group of women I have ever seen together at one time. The Guest of Honor was Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa and among the distinguished guests were Bishop B. J. Sheil, the Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, Dr. L. L. Mann, of Temple Sinai; Dr. C. W. Gilkey of the University of Chicago, Chapel, Sado Iguchi, Japanese Counsul General, Com. W. A. McIntyre of the Salvation Army, Donald Culross Peattie and myself. I sat between the Roman Catholic Bishop and the Jewish Rabbi and had a most interesting time. Dr. Kagawa was presented by Mrs. Clark with the first annual award of $500.00 for distinguished service to humanity.

No one deserves it more. He takes no money or profit for himself but all of his royalties and income are given to his work among the poor and in the slums. I marvel at this little man. His personality is far from prepossessing. He is difficult to understand. He has many peculiar mannerisms of public address but you forget all of these things. What he is overshadows everything else. His acceptance speech of the award was simple, brief and direct but it was a benediction. His inner spiritual life shines all about him. Mrs. Clark presided with dignity, charm and distinction. Her presentation address was a work of art and of beauty.

I have been able to make many of my recent lecture trips by automobile. It was an inspiration to drive through the countryside when all nature was awakening to the beauty of the springtime. On my way to a recent address I passed Dixon, Illinois and took occasion to make a call on one of

the finest women I have ever known— Mrs. Nellie Johnson. Mrs. Johnson is a member of the Dixon group of women who do such lovely things for our church bazaar every year. She is a member of our church and has its future and welfare deeply at heart. She is getting along in years but her brilliant mind is still interested in the worth-while things of this life. The visit I had with her was an inspiration to me and my work. The Dixon ladies plan to attend a service of the church in a body before we close for the summer. They will receive a hearty welcome.

I know that many readers of our church magazine are missing the splendid articles by Mrs. Bradley. She has been a shut-in most of the winter but we are hopeful that with the warmer weather and sunshine she will be much better. She asks me to tell you that she will try and have an article for the June number. She would enjoy hearing from readers and friends.

The services of the church will close for summer on Sunday June 14th. On that day I will observe my 24th anniversary as the pastor. I am going to speak on "Twenty-four Years in A Free Pulpit." It would be a great inspiration if our radio friends would make an effort to drive in to Chicago on that Sunday and attend the service in person. If you can come just drop us a line and we will reserve some seats for you. Simply tell any usher on arrival at the church that you are a radio listener and you will be shown every courtesy.

I had hoped to be able to announce our summer plans in this number but conditions in our immediate family make it impossible. I am a delegate to the World Congress of the Fellowship of Faiths in London, England during July but no decisions have been made until greater improvement is seen in the health of my father and Mrs. Bradley. All are in the keeping of a higher will than our own.

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS

The ideas and philosophy of our pastor which he has been giving over a number of years in his lectures throughout the country, have been incorporated in two books which he has recently published.

Last year he wrote his first book, "Courage For Today." The response to this book was beyond all expectations. It was published just before the holidays last year and has sold steadily throughout the year. Last summer he did another book called "Mastering Fear," which was published early in October. The reception of the second book continued the success of the first. Both books are published by Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana and New York. They are on sale in any book store in the United States, and sell for $1.50 each. If you would be interested in purchasing the books any book store will gladly accommodate you. If you cannot purchase from a book store you may order direct from the publishers. If you purchase the books in Chicago at the stores or department store book shop, arrangements can be made to have them autographed. Dr. Bradley is now working on a novel which will be published next year.

M. H.

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of April:

1—Address, Herzl Junior College
1—Book Lecture, The Peoples Church
2—Address, Armory Auditorium, Danville, Illinois

3—Address, Masonic Cathedral, Rockford, Illinois
5—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
6—Two Sermons, Erlanger Theater and Peoples Church
7—Two Sermons, Erlanger Theater and Peoples Church
8—Two Sermons, Erlanger Theater and Peoples Church
9—Two Sermons, Erlanger Theater and Peoples Church
10—Two Sermons, Erlanger Theater and Peoples Church
12—Three Sermons, The Peoples Church
13—Meeting, Chicago Public Library Board
13—Meeting, Trustees the Peoples Church
15—Book Lecture, The Peoples Church
16—Address, National Convention Izaac Walton League
17—Meeting, Friends of Literature Foundation
17—Address, 14th Annual Banquet, I. W. L. A.
18—Meeting, Pageant of Progress
18—Meeting, Directors, I.W.L.A.
19—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
20—Address, Chicago Methodist Ministers Association
20—Address, Gary Bar Association
21—Address, Wright Junior College
21—Address, Standard Club
21—Address, Shakespeare School
22—Book Lecture, The Peoples Church
23—Address, Annual Dinner, Chicago Foundation of Literature
24—Address, Temple Mizpah
26—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
27—Address, High School Auditorium, Niles, Michigan
28—Address, Civic Auditorium, LaPort, Indiana
29—Closing Book Lecture, The Peoples Church
30—Address, Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin

FUNERALS

April

13—Kitty Paige, Interment, Rosehill
14—John Campbell, Interment, Woodlawn
15—Mrs. Ella Stromberg, Rosehill
18—John Keiffer, Interment, Forest Home
22—Mrs. Jutta Reisenhus, Interment, Elmwood Park
23—Mr. Richard Mullen, Interment, Mt. Olive
30—Charles Lomax, Interment, Oakwoods
30—Mrs. Mary A. Prince, Interment Oakridge

WEDDINGS

April

1—John K. Valkanet and Beverly Martin
4—Gerald Kominsky and Elizabeth Smith
5—Angelo A. Lanletta and June C. Blair
5—Lester E. Garland and Estella Mangan
17—Ray F. Ferris and Margaret E. Nelson
18—Harry F. Howse and Virginia A. Rowe
18—Forest G. Scott and Louise Imle
18—Gordon L. Masse and Elizabeth J. Tisch
18—Edwin W. VanCleave and Margaret M. Walter
22—William R. Tripp and Anna Johnson, (Sioux City, Ia.)
24—William H. Carter and Edna H. Greenham

JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS

You are a contributor to the Church. Do you personally feel that you are getting your money's worth?

If so, then how do you arrive at the sum total of your pledge? Do you figure it out on a percentage basis of your entire income, or put down what you think will satisfy the needs? If your system is

the latter, it is quite fair then to say that you do not go without anything you badly want, in order to give to the church.

Of course, you cannot join any club or fraternal order on that basis. Why does not the church fix its charge to you? Because the church is for all sorts and conditions of people, while clubs and lodges are a selected membership. And that places an obligation on everyone able to give. Scriptures state it thus—"Unto whom much is given, from them shall much be required."

So, counting in your amusements, your clubs, your vacations and expenditures for luxuries it is not stretching the point to say that what you give to the church is but a drop in the bucket of your expenditures on yourself. If the church needs an extra financial life, you could probably meet your share of it without embarrassment or sacrifice.

What do you think of people able to give to the church but who never give, yet who demand the services of the church in time of trouble or for the education of their children? Isn't it likely they have never thought the matter through, and do not see themselves as accepting charity, the charity of their church-supporting neighbors?

Well, we know a church, democratic in spirit, wide-reaching in its activities, blessed by hundreds of loyal families, teeming with children and youth.

And now, the call is going out to place that church on a sounder financial base than ever, to meet its obligations in full and provide a backlog against the time of necessary repairs and improvements.

If you know this church, and it means anything to you, the call upon your loyal co-operation will not be in vain. You'll thank its management for having told you of the need, and you will be happy to help make their plans a success.

THE MEN'S CLUB

The largest meeting ever held by the club took place at the last monthly meeting when over 800 men gathered for the Town Hall Meeting. The club is working toward a goal of 500 members before the church closes for the summer and they are not far from their objective. Representative speakers from all political parties spoke and were enthusiastically and critically received. It was a truly great meeting.

The final meeting will be a Ladies Night and will be held Monday evening, June 8th. Margery Maxwell of the Civic Opera will sing, a very interesting movie on "Around the World" will be shown and Dr. Preston Bradley will be the speaker. A general invitation is extended to all.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club honored their newly elected President. Mrs. W. Fred Pape at their annual Spring Breakfast in the Edgewater Beach Hotel on Monday, May 11th. A large attendance greeted the newly elected officers. Mrs. Pape, presided with her usual charm. Dr. Bradley and Rev. Henry Clark were the speakers. J. Bradley-Griffin read some appropriate readings. Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Mrs. Walter H. Hermsdorf, the present President of the Chicago and Cook County Federation of Women's Clubs and Mrs. Charles Roberts, all former presidents were honored as also were the officers and members of the Board. The members are already at work on plans for the annual bazaar to be held this fall.

SUMMER READING LIST

At the last Book Lecture I read a list of books which I suggested for summer reading and promised to publish the list in the Liberalist. Here it is. I shall lecture on

some of the titles during the booklectureship next season.

Sparkenbroke
by Charles Morgan
Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady
by Richard Blaker
To the Mountain
by Bradford Smith
Give Us This Day
by Louis Zara
Impassioned Pigmies
by Keith Winter
Invincible Surmise
by Granville Paul Smith
Creative Sceptics
by T. V. Smith
A Tree Grown Straight
by Percy Marks
Freedom Farewell
by Phyllis Bentley
The Fool Has Said
by Beverly Nichols
Defender of Democracy
by Emil Ludwig
Masaryk of Czechoslovakia
George the Faithful
by Sir Philip Gibbs
My Life in Architecture
by Ralph Adams Crane
Monogram
by G. B. Stein
Young Mr. Disraeli
by Elswyth Thane
The Lost Generation
by Maxine Davis
Why Keep Them Alive
by Paul de Kruif
Fires in May
by Ruth Feiner
The Eve of 1914
by Theodore Wolff
Why Democracy?
by Jay William Hudson
Education Before Verdun
by Arnold Zweig
Alma Mater
by Henry Seidel Clay
Fighting the Underworld
by Philip Van Cise
Darkness and Dawn
by Alexie Tolstoi
Sweden—The Middle Way
Beyond Sing the Woods
Gulbranssen
The World Over
by Edith Wharton

—P. B.

YOUTH MARCHES

So many requests came for the poem read in the pulpit on "Youth Sunday" we decided to publish it. The poem was written for the occasion and created unusual interest.

YOUTH MARCHES

by J. Bradley-Griffin

Last night as I stood watching
From my window of the world;
I saw four youths go marching by
With banners all unfurled.

Each led a separate army
All of their country's youth
Each held a separate banner
"We are in quest of truth."

Each had a different cadance
Marched to a different pace
Each had a different song to sing
Each from a different place.

I watched the long procession
To see where they would go.
And from my window of the world
I followed them below.

The first to pass, were care
oppressed
Never a lighted eye
They sang, "Third International"
As they went marching by.

Deutchland Uber Alles
Then came with heavy tread.
Hatred and persecution
Had lowered each youthful head.

The beat of drums! the battle cry!
Herald the next in line.
I said to myself, "This can't be
truth"
For all so young, so fine."

The last to pass were singing
"My Country 'Tis of Thee"
Clear and sweet, to marching feet
"Sweet Land of Liberty."

I saw the long procession
All march into the square
Then stop at the foot of an altar
And place their banners there.

They waited in silent reverence
Praying as they stood
Then from above, the altar of love
Came one word—"brotherhood."

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